

If while thy little bark rides on the ocean of this world, rough storms, and contrary blasts alarm thy fears, yet remember the voyage is short, and the danger will soon be over; and though the skies may darken, and the lowering aspect of the heavens terrify and surprize thee, yet be assured that brighter scenes will soon cheer thy sight, and more serene prospects ravish and delight my soul: though the waves may roar, and billows appear as mountains, yet winds, storms, confusions and disorders, nay even death itself, shall all conspire to waft thee to the empyrean shore. Let the consideration of the uncertainty of life be a continual memento of thy fluctuating condition; acquaint thyself with the monuments of death, and contract a familiarity with the king of terrors. Remember the omniscient eye of heaven observes all thy actions, and let not death surprize thee in an unguarded hour. Accumulate not unnecessary riches to thyself, neither be thou covetous of large possessions. Let thy request to heaven be that of Agur; '*Give me neither poverty nor riches.*' Delivered from the difficulties and hardships of the one, and unembarrassed with the incumbrances and perplexities of the other, thou wilt live in comfort and satisfaction, and thy days will glide on in a pleasing serenity. Never imagine temporal things to be permanent, let thine

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own mind limit their duration. Vicissitudes unexpected may turn back the wheels of prosperity; and changes, sudden as the whirlwinds of the desert, destroy all thy pleasing hopes of a long continued succession of delights. Place not, therefore, thy felicity on fleeting objects, nor stretch out thine hands to grasp at shadows. Build not thy joys on an ærial foundation, nor place thine hopes on the phantoms of a waking dream. Prepare for misfortunes, and keep thyself always ready to war with adversity. Every thing in nature may be justly considered as an instructive lesson of our worthy mortality. Life has its spring, its summer, its autumn, and its winter. Many find a passage from the first to the grave; but those who survive both the summer and the autumn, must inevitably fall beneath the chilling blasts of winter; and the frozen hand of death will open for them the dreary portals of the tomb. Remember, my son, we are bound on a voyage to eternity, and that the passage is difficult and full of dangers; let us, therefore, be remarkably careful, lest the current of prosperity should carry out little barks into the eddies of pleasure, and they be swallowed up by the whirlpools of vice, or beaten to pieces on the rocks of despair. The merchant, animated with the hopes of riches, traverses the burning sands of the Arabian Wastes, to fetch the

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